

# THE RURAL CASKET.

Vol. I.]

TUESDAY, June 26, 1798.

[No. 4.]

## SELECTED. ON VIRTUE.

**V**IRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation: not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power: Virtue is the foundation of honor and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends---But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty Power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such

Such is the importance of virtue.---Of what consequence, therefore, it is that we practise it!--There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honor, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost.

From the (London) Courier.

### THE PIOUS THEFT:

*Or, The Widow and her Orphans, a true Story, founded on a late scarcity of Bread.*

**W**HILE our school books are full of the generous instances of devoting life to principle in an heroic age, and among a people for whom futurity had no terror, let us record a late event to which Birmingham was witness, and upon the authenticity of which our readers may rely.

A widow woman went one morning to a baker's during the delivery of bread to the people, and taking up a loaf, hurried away with it to her home. The baker observed it, and followed her immediately.

The house to which he traced her wore the appearance of a neat poverty--fluttishness was not there to degrade misfortune.

When he entered the room, he saw the loaf divided between three children, who devoured it with most ravenous haste.

He taxed the woman with the fact, which she did not hesitate to acknowledge.

"I know (she said) I must suffer for the theft, and I am content to do so, but not to see my children perish."

It is not easy at all times to verify the complaints we hear, & the baker doubted the widow's story.

"I fear (said he) you are accustomed to such actions and live by theft---What have you in that cupboard?"

"Look (said she) and satisfy yourself."

He perceived a dish which he thought had meat in it, and exclaimed, "I suppose this was stolen also!"

"Look nearer it and judge" said the wretched mother!

The man approached, and beheld the remains of a dog!!!

He shuddered! His eyes filled with tears! His hands spontaneously sought his pocket; he put half a crown into her hand; and charged her to call frequently upon him! The

The man went to the wealthy part of his customers, and told the story with the plain eloquence of truth. He produced a liberal subscription, for this poor

family; and has been the happy instrument to preserve worth, beyond what poets have immortalized in past ages.

### WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

*The following whimsical Anecdote is related of the celebrated Dr. Young, Author of Night Thoughts.*

THIS eminent writer, and amiable man, was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up the water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place and soon came along side of the boat where the Doctor and the Ladies were.

The Doctor who was not very conceited of his playing put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked, "Why he ceased playing, or put the flute up in his pocket?"—"For the same reason (said he) that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "that if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could and con-

tinued his tune all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the officer who acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat I expect you will meet me tomorrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*."

The Doctor further covenanted in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled with swords. To all these conditions the officer implicitly consented. The duellists met the next morning at the at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the officer took his ground, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What (said the officer) do you intend to assassinate me?" "No (said the Doctor) but you shall this instant put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you



you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, the officer could not help complying. "Now, sir, (said the Doctor) you forced me to play yesterday against my will and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's: we are again on an equal footing, and

what ever other satisfaction you demand I am ready."

The officer forthwith embraced the Doctor, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged that for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they did ever after.

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### REFLECTIONS ON THE EARTH.

**T**HE Earth gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care; and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the

antidote; tho' constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom.

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### A LETTER FROM A QUAKER TO A WATCH-MAKER.

FRIEND JOHN,

**I**HAVE once more sent my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and correction; the last time it was at thy school he was no ways benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tool of truth, that if possible thou may'st drive him from the errors of his ways, imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted; purge him with thy

cleansing stick from all pollution so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee for a few days, and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it. In thy late bill thou chargest me with the one eighth of a pound which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deserves it. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction. I would have thee let him visit the suns motion, and learn him his true calculation table and equation, and when thou findest him

him conformed to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy friend.

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## LESSON FOR THE VOTARIES OF BEAUTY.

**A**NTISTHENES, the founder of the sect of Cynic Philosophers, observing a beautiful youth admiring his own figure in brass, said to him, "what would that image of your's say for itself, if it could speak?" "It might say, (answered the youth) that it is very beautiful!" "And are you not ashamed (replied the Cynic) to value yourself upon that only

of which a piece of brass is capable?"

This may justly be considered as a perpetual rebuke to those of all countries and ages, who may be disposed to neglect mental acquirements, because nature and fortune have conspired to erect a form at once beautiful and guady.

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## THE DUTY OF WOMAN.

### *Respecting Elegance.*

**A**S the diamond is an ornament to beauty, so is elegance to the behavior of a woman.

Art thou modest, art thou chaste, is thy reputation unsullied, is thy fame spotless as the new-fallen snow? yet elegance will make thee still more worthy admiration.

As the crow or the raven, which devour carrion on the hills of the north, differ from the singing birds of the *Canaries*, so differeth the elegant woman from her who is wanting therein.

As the elegance of dress adds grace to beauty itself, so delicacy in behaviour is the ornament of the most beautiful mind.

Discover not the knowledge of things, it is not expected thou

shouldest understand; for as the experience of a matron ill-becometh the lips of a virgin, so a pretended ignorance is often better than a shew of real knowledge.

Undistinguishing levity giveth hourly offence, and the form of solemnity becomes unseemly when it lasteth too long.

Is there a word that will offend, is there a tale thy companion chuseth not to hear? avoid it in thy discourse: so shall she honor thy prudence, and applaud thy good nature.

Art thou letter'd, let not the difficulty of thy speech puzzle the ignorant; lest, instead of admiring thy knowledge, they condemn thee for pride and affectation.

ON

ON PATIENCE.

"Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

VIRGIL.

**T**HE breast wounded by the arrows of adversity; and encompassed by the misfortunes, with which the thorny road of life is beset, finds in patience an infallible elixir for its most grievous afflictions.

The stubborn oak, although the pride of the forest, we frequently see torn in pieces by the same whirlwind which gently passes the pliant boughs of the willow. Patience is an attribute of the virtuous man, the power

which teaches him to ride unruffled thro' the fiercest tempests of life, and in the midst of dangers to bless the hand that dispenses them. It is an invulnerable armour which secures him from the most sanguine efforts of malice, it repels its shafts and obliges them to fall hurtless to the ground, while his patient spirit smiles at the feeble attempt, and blesses the power which teaches to requite his enemies by forbearance.

HAPPINESS EVER REPUGNANT TO OUR WISHES.

**T**HE mind is ever ingenious in making its own distresses. The wondering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labour and a full meal. Take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station; he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food and ease. Suppose his wishes grati-

fied even in these, his prospects widen as he ascends; he finds himself in affluence and tranquility indeed; but indolence soon breeds anxiety, and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure; pleasure is granted him; and this but opens his soul to ambition; & ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

**W**HEN he was about three years old, "says Sir John Hawkins, (Mrs. Poerrie says "five,") his mother had a brood of eleven young ducks which she permitted him to call his own, and as he was one day

playing heedlessly among them, he had the misfortune to tread on one of the little creatures, and crushed it to death. Alarmed at the accident and full of emotion, he immediately snatched up the duck and running to his



his mother bade her write, write child said she too much astonished at the request to be concerned at the accident, what must I write? why write answered the child thus--- (He then gave his first indication of poetic genius by prompting an epitaph, which

is thus recorded by Sir John Hawkins :)--

"Here lies good master duck,  
"That Samuel Johnson trod on,  
"If it liv'd 'twould have been good  
    luck,  
"For then ther'd been an odd one."

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### HUMOUROUS INSTANCE OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

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#### *A real and authentic Fact.*

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**A** Widow lady at Paris, aged about 65, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighboring church. Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved as she was known to be very rich, to share her wealth. One of them, accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and, when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up; and, not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she saw it signed, Paul the Apostle; expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and, to show his regard for the devotee,

he promised to come from heaven, with the Angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about 400l. did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for that evening. The Counsellor, surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect

pect that she was enamoured of some fortunehunter who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore, positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul, having sent her a letter from Heaven, promising that he and the angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The Counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her: and sending the maid with the plate proceeded directly to the commissary of that quarter. On the magistrates going with him to a house adjoining they saw, just before 8 o'clock; a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney-coach; and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Police Guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company, and could not speak to any one. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the angel Gabriel how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not ex-

pecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door when the Commissary, her brother, & the Police guards, rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests, and carried them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, was found in St. Paul's pocket; and a gag in that of the Angel Gabriel. Three days after the trial came on: when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other, a barber's apprentice; that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expence; that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket; that the razor was that with which he constantly shaved himself; that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home; and that the barber's apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer merely had the gag which they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail: and as they had manifested no evil design by any *overt act*, they were both acquitted.

But the Counsellor, who foresaw what might happen through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner therefore, were they discharged from the civil power than



than the apparitor of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical prison. In three days more, they were tried and convicted of a scandalous profanation, assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of a Holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel with intent

to deceive a pious and a well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of Religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the galleys for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

## ACHMET:

### *An Oriental Fragment.*

“REMEMBER, my child, continued the Genius, that you were born to suffer trouble, to practise resignation, and to die. This is the lot of perishable man. Wealth cannot bribe sorrow, power cannot resist evil, & wisdom only teaches us how to bear the one and avoid the other; while it suffers it adores, and lifts the tearful eye to that heaven whither it conducts its faithful votaries.

“Thou would’st be happy, Achmet, and I am summoned by thy prayers to aid thee. To be good, my son, is to be happy, practice virtue and the best joys of this world will be thy portion.” “My guardian, my protector,” exclaimed Achmet, “it is to the possession of virtue that my soul aspires, ah, teach me how to attain it.” “What costly pavillions are these!” said the Genius, who dwells amid the charms of this earthly paradise?” “It is the habitation of my women,” answered Achmet, “and contains all the beauty that Circeassia could boast of.” “And

H

what delightful sounds are these which are wafted to us on the wings of zephyrs!” “The bands of musicians,” replied the youth, “who attend my daily banquet, are preparing their strains which are to add pleasure to the feast and the joys of the goblet.”---“Alas, my son,” said the Genius, “and dost thou talk of thy virtue? Mistake not the languor of fatiated passion for a virtuous impulse; while beauty stimulates thy desires, while music aids the waistful luxury of thy banquet, and while pensioned flattery surround thee with their prostituted praise, talk not of virtue; virtue commands the conquest of the passion, and teaches how to attain it. Prosperity will undo thee, Achmet, and I must bring down adversity upon thee to save thee from perdition; these silken couches must be changed for the stinty bed, the raptures of thy seraglio must give way to labour and weariness; the wild fruits of the forest and the limpid fountain must satisfy thy hunger and quench thy thirst;

thirst; and the flatterer, whom thou hast prepared must spurn thee from him whilst thou art imploring charity at his gate, ere thou can'st be virtuous. Thou wert born to suffer trouble and, as yet, thou hast lived but in the bowers of pleasure. It is thy duty to practise resignation, and misfortune has not called thee to the task: this is part of the journey of life thou hast to tread ere you die, or your end will be

misery." Achmet trembled as the Genius spoke, and implored his mercy to save him this accumulated wretchedness. "Great is thy depravity, Achmet (said the Genius) but I go to prepare the way to happiness and honor for thee, thou shalt be the object of my protecting care." As he spoke he rose into the air, and the rustling of his wings was like the murmurs of the ocean.

### A MOST AFFECTING FACT.

UGOLINO, a Florentine count, had been imprisoned with his four children, by the archbishop Ruggieri, and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison.

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat; but instead of seeing any food, I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more closely barred. I beheld my little children in silence, & could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little wretches wept; and my dear Angelina said, *to guardi st, padre, che hai? Father, you look upon us; what ails you?* I could neither weep nor answer, and continued swallowed up in silent agony all that day, and the following night even to the dawn of day.

As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could again see *those four faces*, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands, with grief and rage.

"My children, believing I did this through eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up said to me, my father! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us. I restrained myself, that I might not increase their misery.

"We were all silent that day and the following.

"The fourth day being come Caddo falling extended at my feet, cried, *Padre moi, che non ni ejute? My father, why do you not help me?* and died!

"The other three expired, one after the other between the fifth and sixth day famished as thou seest me now. And I being seized with blindness began to go groping upon them with my hands and feet, and continued calling upon them by their names three days after they were dead, then hunger vanquished my grief."

There is not perhaps in the compass of human composition, any tale of more genuine and natural



natural pathos. And on hearing such a recital, who can help rejoicing, that the monster,\* which hath so long rioted on the sorrows of mankind is to all ap-

\* The Hierarchy.

pearance, at this moment, in its last agonies? May the extreme pang which is forever to rid the world of so great a curse, speedily arrest it, and the song of deliverance be sung by the whole human race.

## SORROW.

**I**T is the constant business of sorrow to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of

mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language shall we address that being whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigor of the animal spirits; and of happiness it is the reverse.

## ANECDOTES.

**A**N Irish paper says, "The following anecdote of Buonaparte, *which never before appeared in print*, is from a Paris Journal. It was first given in the Turin Gazette, from which it was copied in all the Italian prints."

**A**CERTAIN nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Yonge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? *Your lordship, answered she, is the best cure in the world.*

**A**FEW years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave digger at St.

James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him previous to other questions, his name and profession? Why, and please your honor, said he, my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave digger at your worship's service.

**W**HEN Lord Chesterfield was dying, Sir Thomas Robinson paid him a visit of condolence, and said rather bluntly, "I am sorry, my Lord, to perceive, that you are dying by inches."---"Oh, don't be sorry about the matter, (replied the peer) but thank God, that I am not so tall as you by a foot."

LORD



*Of Chief Justice Holt.*

**L**ORD Chief Justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, London, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the contemporaries with whom he had once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, Ah! my lord,' said he, 'they are all hanged but your lordship and I.'

*Of the late King of Prussia.*

**H**IS Majesty being hard run for money during the war he was engaged in, a report prevailed of his having a notion of drawing upon the Jews to an immense amount; on which one of the tribe, who was an intimate friend of his, pretended to be sick, and wrote to his Majesty, desiring his leave, without which he dared not to do it, to retire to Holland, to which place he intended to remove his treasure.--- The King, however, who had sagacity enough to see into his design, immediately sent him the following laconic note---"Dear Abraham, Death only can part us."

*Of Doctor Goldsmith.*

**A** Poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking, fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as your necessities require; be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

*A Wise Fool.*

**W**HEN Francis the first, King of France, was to march his army into Italy, he consulted with his captains how to lead them over the Alps. Amonil his fool lying hid in a corner, sprang out, and advised them rather to take care which way they should bring them back again!

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

*An Epigram from the Greek.*

**T**O a Mouse, says a Miser, "My dear Mr. Mouse,  
Pray what may you please for to want in my house?  
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,  
You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet;  
A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford,  
But none would come here to beg, borrow or board."

GRACE AFTER DINNER AT A MISERS.

**T**HANKS for this miracle; it is no less  
Than finding manna in the wilderness;  
In midst of famine we have found relief;  
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;  
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,  
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

ANAGRAM.

**I**F you transpose what ladies wear,  
'Twill plainly shew what harlots are;  
Again if you transpose the same,  
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name:  
Change it again, and it will shew  
What all on earth desire to do;  
Transpose these letters yet once more,  
What bad men do, you'll then explore.

*Evil,  
Vile,*

*Levi,*

*Live,*

*Evil,*

EPI TAPH.

**B**ENEATH this stone, return'd to kindred soil,  
The child of industry hath ceased from toil;  
Life's active path he blush'd not to pursue,  
His virtues ample, his desires but few;  
Content gave moderate wishes power to please,  
And honest labour honourable ease:—  
But, when he fondly thought fatigue was o'er,  
And wealth fast flowing, promis'd joys in store,  
Death check'd, at once, the momentary pride,  
And all his earthly prospects instant died.

Here

*Selected Poetry.*

Here, then thou slave of riches, tool of power,  
Pause — recollect — indulge the pensive hour ;  
If virtuous efforts thus no fruit can bear,  
And this the mead that waits on worldly care,  
How weak ! how vain ! to think in base employ,  
A life of guilt can yield an hour of joy.

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**CONTENTMENT.**

<b>C</b> ONTENTMENT, rosy, dim- pled fair, Thou brightest daughter of the sky, Why dost thou to the hut repair, And from the gilded palace fly ? I've trac'd thee on the peasants cheek, I've mark'd thee in the milk-maids smile ; I've heard thee loudly laugh & speak, Amid the sons of want and toil.	Yet, in the circles of the great, Where Fortune's gifts are all com- bin'd, I've sought thee early, sought thee late, And ne'er thy lovely form could find.  Since then from wealth and pomp you flee, I ask but competence and thee,
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**" THE PIPE OF TOBACCO."**

<b>"T</b> HRO' worthless tube of brit- tle clay, " Will I some serious thoughts con- vey ; " My native frailty here I trace, " A perfect type of human race : " Exotic is the noisome plant, " Exotic all for which I pant ; " With sick'ning fumes the air I choak ;	" What's worldly grandeur but a snoak ! " The quick'ning whiffs declare the strife " Of those who grasp for parting life ; " The heap of dust that's left behind, " Displays the fate of all mankind."
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**AN EPIGRAM.**

**W**HY should I wish to linger here below  
In this dark scene of sorrow, pain and woe ?  
Tir'd with the tedious round, I only pray,  
A quick translation to the realms of day.

**FOREIGN**



**FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.**

**LOWER ELBE, March 16.**

The young son of La Fayette arrived at Hamburg some days since. He is from Philadelphia, and has come thro Paris where he was favorably received by the most influential characters of the republic. He is on his way to Holstein to visit his parents whom he has not seen since their liberation from the dungeons of Austria. The health of La Fayette is much improved but that of his wife still very much deranged.

**PARIS, April 18.**

Pleville le Pelcy is still Minister of the Marine.---By this it appears that his resignation has not been accepted by the Directory.

The re-union of Geneva to the French Republic has been definitively pronounced 26th Germinal.

Letters from Cologne dated 21th Germinal announce the arrival at that port of three Spanish Frigates, with 3 millions and an half of Dollars; one of these Frigates has brought back M. Gil, formerly Vice Roy of Peru.

The tribunal of Rome at its first sitting has abolished the Inquisition, the Tribunals and all Ecclesiastical jurisdictions.

**VENNA, April 1.**

We are assured that the Ambassador Bernadotte will shortly quit this place, to take the command of the army of England; it is said that he will be replaced by citizen Treilhard, Plenipotentiary at Rastadt,

**AUGSBURG, April 6.**

It appears without doubt that the Emperor will not remain an idle spectator of an attack against Naples; and this is the probable motive of the movement of the Austrian troops in Italy.

The French Ambassador, Bernadotte, yesterday received the usual visits of the Nobility of this city.

**FRANCKFORT, April 4.**

The Jews on the left Bank of the Rhine, have received assurance from the municipality of Mayence at the fair of Franckfort, that they will be considered and treated as other traders.

A few days ago, says a late London paper, an extraordinary circumstance happened at Nash, near Winslow, Buckinghamshire. As a butcher was employed, one evening, to viscerate a mare which had died from some cause unknown, he happened accidentally to brake a small hole in one of the intestines, upon which the wind issued out with impetuosity, and immediately became ignited, flashing up to the height of five or six feet, and singed the butcher's hair in its passage (his hat being off) after which it continued to flame from the broken place for the space of several minutes. It is supposed to have taken fire from a candle, which the owner of the mare held in his hand. How the inflammable air became generated there, remains a mystery for philosophers to determine, as no medicines had been given her.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

FRANKFORT (Ken.) May 8.

We understand that a short time since, there was a woman killed by a Panther, near the Blue Licks.

On the same day we are informed there was a most violent hail storm on Salt river---The hail stones are some of them said to measure 9 and 10 inches round. The storm continued about ten minutes. Since which the weather has been remarkable cool. On Sunday there was a smart frost.

PITTSBURGH, June 9.

Yesterday about noon, the Gally PRESIDENT ADAMS fell down the river from her moorings before this town. A handfomer or tighter boat never stemmed tide, or floated with the current---well built, well manned, and well armed, she is able to protect the weak, or to humble the haughty, and we will hazard the assertion, that in the cause of her country's rights, honor and independence she will not disgrace the illustrious name she bears.

The President Adams, favored the town with a federal salute, as she went off, under the acclamations of hundreds of spectators who crowded the banks of the Allegheny.

The Galley SENATOR ROSS is upon the stocks, and will be launched in about six weeks---she promises to do credit to the architect.

ALBANY, June 18.

The Albany Tontine coffee-house, we learn with pleasure is taken by Mr. Annanias Platt, of Lansingburgh, and will be opened in a few days.---For a House of Entertainment and agreeable resort, the Albany Tontine coffee-house cannot be excelled; It is situated on the north side of State-street; an elegant specious three story building very handfomely finished in the most modern stile, and particularly adapted not only as a coffee-house, for Gentlemen, Merchants, and Traders, but as a Public Inn, for accommodation and entertainment.

The traveller and stranger notice two important and very pleasing improvements in our city within a very few years---the pavement in our streets, and the number, neatness and elegance of our public buildings & houses of entertainment---the building for public offices, the new Dutch and Presbyterian churches---the tontine city tavern and hotel in a particular manner reflect credit on the taste and public spirit of our city

POUGHKEEPSIE,

JUNE 26.

DIED, on Sunday the 17th inst. at his seat at Crom-Elbow, Col. WILLIAM BARBER.

On Saturday the 9th inst. in the 60th year of his age, of a dropical affliction, Dr. THOMAS JONES, of New-York.

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